

FORD TIMES

august 1952





design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 3—White Sands National Monument

Near U. S. Highway 70 in south central New Mexico, the white gypsum sands of the Tularosa Basin ripple in glistening dunes. Nudged and swirled by insistent winds, the alabaster particles of the creeping desert form ever-changing patterns. People given to leaving their names and addresses on national monuments and other public places are completely baffled by this one.

Perhaps these are truly the Sand Hills revered by the Indians as the place where departed warriors meet by ghostly campfires. Of a certainty they are as silent and brooding as the phantom Apaches who haunt the surrounding hills. Lizards in the area have assumed a pale, protective coloring. It is said that white mice and platinum blonds have been dropped into this expanse of purity and never found.

Long before White Sands was made a national monument in 1933, strings of pioneer vacationists were plodding across it in cars like the Model T's shown above, intent on seeing all the Wonders of the West.

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My Favorite Town—

Fresno, California

by William Saroyan

paintings by Rollin Pickford, Jr.

WELL, I was born there, if that helps, for birth is into the world, into the unresolved and unresolvable universe, into the entire dynamic mystery of living matter, and not into a town. Still, one soon hears about the specific place of beginning, even if one is no longer there or the place has changed, and so it must mean something to know where one was born.

One even knows the street, sometimes even the house.

The street was H, the eighth letter of the alphabet, the year 1908, the month August, the day the thirty-first. H for Home, no doubt. I haunted the street, on purpose and by accident, for years, but I never saw the house. It was gone by the time I was looking in earnest; in its place was a warehouse, then a garage, then a hotel, and finally a parking lot.

But neither street nor house made the town my favorite, nor the fact that I began in the town; it was something else.

What was it?

I discovered the human race there. I discovered art there. And wherever you discover helpless man and his high hope, that is *your* place, favorite or not. What is his hope? His hope is for meaning, for meaning is everything; anything; and he achieves meaning, inventing it or discovering it, through art.

Who was the human race I discovered in Fresno? It was my family, my neighbors, my friends, the teachers at school, the classmates, the strangers in the streets, and myself; most of all myself and the strangers which were not strangers, which could not be strangers because I saw them, recognized them, knew them.

Were the strangers any good at all? Was it possible to believe in them at all? They *were* good; good and hopeless; and that is why I discovered art, for I didn't want them to be hopeless. If *they* were hopeless, then of course so was I, and I didn't want to be hopeless.



The last thing I shall forget is the weather there.

My mother's cousin, Hovagim Saroyan, dead thirty-five years now, was the human race. He had a vineyard of thirty acres of muscats in Goshen, a railroad siding eight or nine miles out of town, or was it Lone Star? I know it wasn't Malaga, for I had other relatives there.

Hovagim was a man who seemed to have been made of bone and stone, and yet no one laughed with so much joy and compassion; softly sometimes, almost silently, other times loudly and with all of his body, so that he fell or flung himself to the ground, rolled over, leaped up, and nearly died. Perhaps it was laughter that killed him at thirty-seven. I don't know. I've never been able to decide what it is that ends mortal life.

He lived alone on the vineyard in a kind of shack-house in which among other things was a phonograph and a dozen records of songs of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Turkey. He had a cow. He had a revolver and a shotgun. He had a horse and a buggy.

Two or three times he brought the horse and the buggy to the little house on San Benito Avenue, picked up my brother Henry and myself, and took us to the Goshen vineyard. At sundown he got out his shotgun and we went along with him to the muscat vines to see what we would see. We saw jackrabbits, which were pests, which ate the young shoots of new vines. Hovagim shot them and they leaped and died. We saw quail, doves, and kildees, but better than seeing kildees we heard them as they plunged straight away, wailing clean and clear at the enormity of being part of life, a cry both joyous and despairing, which I shall never forget and which shall always be associated in my thinking and in my memory with the human race and one of its first exponents, Hovagim.

After dark we walked back to the house and there he cooked supper and we sat down in the light of a kerosene lamp and ate and talked—in a mixture of bad Armenian and bad English. After supper he put a record on the phonograph and we listened to the old music. He put his water-pipe in order, sat down on the floor, smoked, and listened to the old music.

It was said of him that he had a wife in Bitlis, and two sons; but the wife had died, and the sons had gone along to her father's house. Now Hovagim was alone in California. No one was so fiercely devoted to kindness and to truth as this lonely man.

In the last years of his short life he took another wife; but one knew that he'd lost his life when he'd lost his wife and his sons.

Suddenly I was at his funeral and that was the end of Hovagim, except that here I am, thirty-five years later, writing about him.

Hovagim was the human race: sorrowful, lonely, laughing.

There were others, many others: relatives, friends, strangers.

Huff sold popcorn from a wagon on The Republican Corner when I sold papers there every night after school. He was a skinny old man with a large patch of black cloth over his left eye and cheek. At first glance people were frightened by his appearance; perhaps at second, too. I do not remember anybody ever stopping to chat with him. He seemed grim, if



not sinister.

Actually he was a lonely old man who lived in a furnished room, whose only possession in the world appeared to be his popcorn wagon, and whose only place in the world was The Republican Corner. From his room he pushed his wagon to his corner every morning around ten, and back again every night around ten.

Huff and I became friends when he was perhaps in his late seventies and I was nine or ten. I had been selling papers on that corner for about a month before we began to speak to one another.

One rainy night he called me over to the wagon and handed me a bag of popcorn. I thanked him and ate the popcorn. It was very good. After that, we began to be pals. Every night when things were quiet, almost nobody in the streets, we stood and talked.

Huff, I discovered, was an atheist, but like so many small-town atheists he kept his ideas to himself and was very deeply a good man, perhaps a religious one.

I remember that when he remarked that the human race was vicious I did not feel that he was speaking with hatred; I felt rather that he spoke with regret, compassion, and perhaps even love. He told me about writers whose books he had read—with his one eye, which was itself inflamed, watery, and appeared to be on the verge of falling out of his head.

As time went on I became entirely oblivious of his physical appearance because I sensed his inner handsomeness. He was a proud and independent man.

One night I offered to push the wagon home for him, for I lived in the same direction, but he would have none of it.

And then, weeks later, perhaps months later, one night he asked if I would get the wagon home for him. Doing so was fun, but I knew he was ill.

The following day when I reached the corner with my papers Huff wasn't there. I went to the house on Mono Street where he lived and the landlady said he was sick in bed. I visited him in his room.

As we talked I knew how ill and tired he was and yet how eager he was not to give over and die. He wanted to stay in the world. He wanted to get back to The Republican Corner



with his popcorn wagon, so he could go on beholding the human race and being a member of it. He asked me if I would come back the following day during my lunch hour. I said I would.

He was up, sitting on a chair, waiting, very tired when I got there. He asked if I would push the wagon to the corner for him. I did, and left him there and went back to school. After school I found him still there, smiling faintly because he was so ill.

This procedure continued for a month. In the meantime from the Public Library I got the books he had read and began to read around in them: Ingersoll, Paine, Emerson. I read swiftly and carelessly but I think I got what was important for me to get: that the human-race is anything any of us wishes to notice and believe it is, and that it *can* be anything we hope.

Huff and I talked about these things. Since it is true, I must remark that now and then I found myself suddenly disliking him very much—his terrible deterioration, his bad luck, his misery and loneliness, his insistence on staying alive at his corner of the world, his very appearance and smell—but soon enough this dislike would pass and I would know that whoever he was, whoever he had been, he was a good man, a helpless one, an earnest one, my neighbor, my friend, my contemporary.

Every day at noon and every night at ten for a month or so I got his wagon back and forth. I knew he was dying. I even asked if he wanted to go to the County Hospital out by the Fairgrounds and get in bed and rest the rest of his life.

He did not. He wanted to follow the schedule we were following.

One day at noon the landlady told me he had died during the night, and so I never saw him again. I didn't go to his funeral. I don't even know if he had one. The theory around town about old men like Huff was that they were misers, and that they had great wealth hidden away somewhere. I never believed any of this about Huff. I knew he had had a popcorn wagon for some time. I never saw the wagon again, either.

Huff was the human race, too.

A boy my age who came to Emerson School barefooted in the winter was another. His family had come to town in a

One boy came barefooted to Emerson School→



wagon that they parked alongside the Santa Fe Railroad tracks near Foley's Packinghouse. There were four or five children, the father and mother. They lived in and around the wagon.

The boy came to school about two weeks, and then the family picked up and went somewhere else. He was a patient fellow who probably suffered more than anybody ever guessed, especially when he could not tell Miss Chambers his address, and when so many of the other boys looked at him as if he were a freak simply because he had no shoes.

I thought a great deal about trying to become this boy's friend but it was not to be. He wanted no friend and it was understandable that he didn't. I wanted to tell him that he could sell papers and make money—help his family and himself—but it is sometimes the very deepest kind of rudeness to try to be of help to some people.

There were others, too, many others.

But there were places, too, and the places that meant the most to me I have already mentioned: the Public Library and the Fairgrounds. I needed both. I needed to read, and I needed to see the spectacle of man in action, showing himself off, his livestock, his produce, his machinery, his art even: the wretched paintings and sculptures his confusion and boredom had driven him to making.

Two other places were very important to me in Fresno: the theatre and the church. The names of the theatres were: Liberty, Kinema, Bijou, Strand, Hippodrome, Orpheum. The church was The First Armenian Presbyterian.

At the theatres I saw the human race in moving pictures, on the stage, and in vaudeville. He was forever in search of something: escape from boredom and failure, passage to grace and meaning.

Only at church did he seem to come near grace and meaning, especially when he opened the hymn book and his mouth in earnest song. I sang, too. I still do. The Protestant songs are thus forever a part of my own search for meaning.

There is no end to a town, any town, if it's where you were born in the first place and where you were born again, as it is written all men must be. But oh! the weather there, the heavenly weather there in the spring, the summer, the autumn, the fall, the winter—the hot sun and the heavy rain, the new green of spring and the fire-golden of fall: the farmer's weather of Fresno, in which I lived and became a part of the human race. The last thing I shall forget is the weather there. ■



An Old Kentucky Home— a one-picture story

story and photograph by Sue and John Thierman

THIS old house, with its two bold W's bricked into the front, stands as a monument to its builder, Col. William Whitley, one of the terrific characters of Kentucky history. A fierce Indian fighter, he protected scores of families who ventured through the Cumberland Gap seeking new homes in "Kaintuck." When he was over sixty years old he forgot his rank, re-enlisted as a private and went off to die in the War of 1812.

Said to be the oldest brick house in Kentucky, Whitley's pioneer dwelling has walls two feet thick, double portholes under the eaves, a secret staircase, and a genuine dungeon in the cellar. In 1781, a home on the edge of the wilderness had to double as a fort.

The house is now a state shrine. It is just off U. S. 150, ten miles southeast of Stanford. ■

NOVA SCOTIA GUIDES' JAMBOREE

by Currie McCabe Barss

paintings by William Barss

EACH YEAR in late August, Nova Scotia's most skilled and celebrated guides gather at Molega Lake for trials and feats of strength, tests of skill in canoemanship, log rolling, kettle-boiling, and all the crafts of the woods. In its wild, lakeshore setting, this competition among northwoods giants is a sight to see and remember. Hundreds of spectators trek in from most of the provinces of Canada and many of the States to share a vacation which combines the better aspects of an outdoor sportsman's show, a camper's paradise, and a country festival.

The meet is easily accessible by car. We left the Nova Scotia shore road at Bridgewater, and drove twenty-five miles west into the lake and forest country to Molega Lake. The Molega Lake Association's main lodge and grandstand are at the water's edge. Beyond this central area, the road winds through acres of cleared camping grounds, where visitors pitch their tents.

We established ourselves at a site close to the lake. This was our first experience at gregarious camping, and we enjoyed it. The grounds were provided with every necessity for convenience and safety, and there was a general air of good neighborliness without infringement on privacy. We borrowed tools and lent fuel with the easy informality of old friends, and inspected each other's encampments with uncritical interest. If someone tuned a guitar as he sat by his camp fire, others drifted by to join in his song.

Our mornings we devoted to exploring the lakeshore, swimming and sunbathing. In the afternoon, and on into the dusk, we gathered at the waterfront with the spectators who had driven in for the day to watch the Nova Scotia guides compete. By night, the central area assumed the carnival spirit—bright lights, gayety, and noise. From the main dining room sounded the strains of a modern dance orchestra, while the cafeteria

*Above right: Molega Lake, site of the guides' meet.
Below right: Eber Peck, in the log chopping contest.*



bounced to the lively rhythm of a square dance.

But the main feature was the guides' competition. The events include single, double and four-man canoe racing, racing without paddles—a feat in which the guide propels his canoe by bouncing furiously in the stern—gunwale racing, in which the competitor paddles while standing on the canoe's gunwales; canoe tilting, a joust with long rubber-tipped poles which ends invariably with a dunking for the loser.

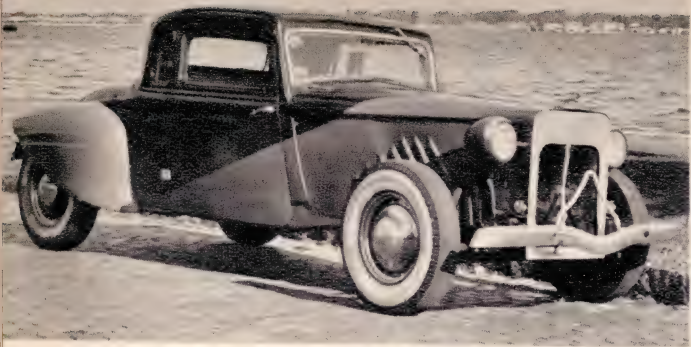
There are also competitive target shooting, fly-casting for accuracy and distance, moose calling, and kettle-boiling. In the kettle-boiling event, the guides start with a block of seasoned wood and three matches apiece. Using only axe and hunting knife, they kindle their fires and boil their water with incredible speed—par is well under two minutes!

Log birling, with and without caulks, and chopping and sawing contests show the guides to be skilled woodsmen as well as sportsmen. And for ladies there is even a rolling-pin throwing contest! Competition is keen, good-natured, and spiced with spontaneous horseplay.

At last year's meet, several competitors stood out for various reasons. There were two pairs of brothers, the Pecks and the Rodenizers—all of whom were past champions, some of them many times over. And there were Chad Crowell, and his partner-in-comedy, Henry Peters, who delighted the spectators with a log-rolling act in full dress. Chief Benjy Brooks, an Indian guide, drew applause with his antics as the meet's self-appointed clown.

On closing day, the final events lasted till dark, when the announcer read off the winning names and scores. The guides gathered in groups, congratulating the winners, re-hashing the meet just ended, and making plans for next year's meet. The crowd slowly dissolved, and as we wound our way up the road to our campsite, the dark air was fragrant with spruce and the lingering odor of woodsmoke from last fires. The grounds were silent, almost deserted, under a canopy of stars. Most of our new-found friends had gone their way. We turned in, with a sigh for the days that had passed so swiftly and pleasantly, and a heartfelt wish that when the Guides' Meet opens at Molega Lake this August, we might be there again. ■





CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

THE rather unorthodox coupe above was built by Bill Bowen of Jacksonville, Florida, around the V-8 engine from a 1947 Ford truck. This engine, equipped with 8:1 heads and other speed attachments, has driven the car at 122.7 mph. The chassis is '36 Ford and the body was built with parts from Fords and several other makes. The hood was lengthened and the driving compartment is set about a foot back of the original fire wall.

Theodore R. Still and Francis Thompson of Glen Mills, Pennsylvania, believe that they now have the only four-door Victoria on the highway. The car, pictured below, started out as a 1950 Fordor. Thompson, a welder, revamped the rear window and did other body work and upholstery. The engine, fitted with overdrive and speed equipment, has





driven the car better than 85 mph in second.

When Joseph J. Stulir of East Moline, Illinois, bought the 1913 Model T he is pictured in above, it was in poor condition. It had stood in a barn for twelve years, during which time the tires, tubes, upholstery, and most of the wheels had rotted away. The expertly restored car, with all its brass gleaming, now carries a red and black paint job and chartreuse plastic upholstery. The car is mechanically perfect as well. With Stulir at the wheel it recently came in first in a two-mile antique car race.

Starting with the axles, wheels, and engine from a '36 Ford V-8, C. M. Hink of Spokane, Washington, built the roadster shown below except for the fenders which came from another make of car. He made the frame from 2-by-6 channel iron and shaped it to give the car an over-all height of 59 inches. Hink hand-formed the body from sheet metal and improved his engine with a full race cam, dual carburetors, adjustable tappets, and an electric fuel pump. The car is for sale. ■





Life among the Beachcombers

by Byron Fish

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

THERE'S an old saying among beachcombers that if you wait long enough, anything you want will eventually drift in on the tide. Many people who live on or near a sea-coast are sure it's true. They're beachcombers themselves.

No beachcombers are more avid than the residents of Washington State. It has some 1700 miles of salt water shoreline inside its gateway to the ocean at Cape Flattery, and at least 250 miles of front porch on the Pacific itself.

The dyed-in-the-brine beachcomber begins young. As soon as he can toddle onto the sand he picks up rocks and shells and exclaims over them. He clutches them possessively when he is removed to the car.

As an adult he'll still be a beachcomber, probably of the Robinson Crusoe type, thinking of how he'll use the rusty chain, or old life preserver, or stick of bamboo he turns up along the sands.

The Crusoe is only one type of beachcomber. There are many others who tend toward specialties.

Take the Marine Life beachcomber. He prowls the water's edge looking for starfish, oyster drills, small crabs, and anemones. After a fruitful day he could start a small aquarium, but he is usually content to leave everything except an occasional starfish, which he takes home to dry for an ornament.

The Shell beachcomber's work is more permanent. He collects shells to take home and keep in cigar boxes. Clam and oyster shells may become ashtrays.

Most women beachcombers are found in the Driftwood Division. The northern beaches and sandpits abound in small, peculiarly shaped bits of wood, prized as art objects and featured in dish gardens. One Seattle women's club had an annual exhibit of driftwood in which the finds were displayed as natural sculpture. In judging for "abstracts" and caricatures some amazing resemblances to birds, fish, animals, and

*Above left: Happy beachcomber brings in boat horn, wood plane, and cushion.
Below left: This oddly shaped log makes an ideal windbreak for a beachfire.*



← *A Japanese glass fishnet float is a prize for any beachcomber.*

dancers were revealed.

Driftwood is what keeps wives with Robinson Crusoe husbands from saying very much. It is estimated that a five-room house could be heated all winter on the bits of beachwood carried home by some women.

The search for driftwood does not stop with pieces that can be lugged back home. Another type of beachcomber includes artists, photographers, and seascape lovers who look for much larger pieces—up to the entire weathered root system of a windfall Douglas fir. A find of this type results in camera studies, water colors, or a session by a beachfire, just looking.

There are two classes of beachcombers who can give a dollars-and-cents reason for their hobby.

One is the Lumber type, always on the lookout for mill-cut wood lodged alongshore by eddies and tides. His roving eye is open for the more portable types: two-by-fours, four-by-fours, and marine plywood. Some of it has escaped from mills, some from freighters, but most from “dunnage,” planks used in stacking freighter deck loads, and thrown overboard when the ship is unloaded. Many a Puget Sound beach cabin has been built of this lumber and fitted with fixtures that also came ashore as flotsam.

The other practical beachcomber is the Firewooder, whose ranks include most shoreline dwellers and many close-inlanders. The Firewooder is supplied from the trunks of washed-out trees, lumber mill cull logs, and timber adrift from broken logging booms.

Loggers who transport their timber in the booms have to impress their brands into the end of each log, and by law only the owner or a licensed professional beachcomber have the right to salvage such branded timber. In practice, however, a three-way race often develops between the owner, the professional, and the Firewooder who wants the log for heat.

The firewood beachcomber is legally wrong if he pounces on a drifting branded log with his saw. But many an amateur “rustles” a log by sawing off the brand, disposing of the resultant flat disc of wood on the outgoing tide.

Days or weeks later, along some other beach, the branded log-end will drift ashore and some Robinson Crusoe will take it home to add to his “patio slab” collection. ■

← *Deep tidal pools yield sea anemones, starfish, and seaweed.*



At the Eastern End of Long Island

photographs by Hal Nielson

ROBERT MOSES, Chairman of the State Council of Parks of New York, had this to say about Montauk Point: "Everyone who loves water, wind, sky and distance, and is not chilled by bleakness, must love Montauk."

The last stop on Long Island, it is also loved by fishermen who go out for tuna, swordfish and mackerel. The season starts in the middle of March and doesn't slacken until winter storms drive the fishermen back inland, or to New York City, 121 miles west.

Montauk Point State Park occupies all the tip except for the land on which the lighthouse stands. Documents connected with the purchase of this land were signed by George Washington. When the lighthouse was erected its beam was fed with whale oil. Today the light is electric.

For 25,000 men returning from the Cuban expedition during the Spanish war in 1898, Montauk was the first sight of the mainland. New York City had refused the use of its harbor for fear that the men coming from the semi-tropics were infected with communicable diseases.

Travelers headed for Montauk on State Highway 27 pass through East Hampton, an old and lovely community that was settled in 1648.

The shingled saltbox shown in the lower picture was the boyhood home of John Howard Payne, who composed "Home, Sweet Home" while perishing of homesickness in Paris nearly a century and a half ago. The "lowly, thatched cottage" is no longer thatched but otherwise remains much as it was in Payne's youth. It is preserved as a museum by the village of East Hampton and contains a collection of period furniture as well as mementoes of the Payne family. The house is one of several old and mellow buildings in East Hampton. ■



Oregon's Liveliest Ghost Town

by *Ellis Lucia*
paintings by *Fritz Wertz*

ON A WARM DAY in September of 1880, the Oregon-California stage clattered into Jacksonville, down the wagon-rutted main stem, carrying a most distinguished visitor. Stiff, hot, and dusty after the arduous rock and roll of his trip, President Rutherford B. Hayes descended from his coach at the town's swank new United States Hotel, awaiting graciously whatever hospitality the place might afford.

Suitable accommodations were offered for himself, Mrs. Hayes, General William T. Sherman, and four others who made up the party. The President slept well. But as he prepared to depart on the following morning, the proprietress, Madame Holt, presented him with a bill which would have caused him considerable tossing had he known.

The President irritably informed the lady he had no intention of buying the place; but paid the sum, \$120.

"Never did come back," oldtimers observe with a chuckle, adding wistfully, "He probably didn't intend to anyway."

This seeming lack of hospitality didn't much ruffle the whiskers of Jacksonville's grizzled citizenry. By 1880 the cocky, thriving southern Oregon frontier town had survived the boisterous invasion of some ten thousand gold-crazy miners, continuous skirmishes with the Rogue River Indians, internal squabbling between Yankee and Southern sympathizers, a near-starvation winter, several disastrous fires, a scarlet fever epidemic, and the normal series of barroom brawls which brought character of a sort to all the West's great mining camps. The wrath of a President was of small consequence.

Like many of its counterparts, J'ville (a nickname that stuck) was conceived in the lust for gold which inflamed the early West. Twenty-nine years before Hayes' unhappy visit, two young brothers named Jackson stopped for water along what is now Jackson Creek. The exact spot is in dispute, but

Above left: The United States Hotel; a president slept here.

Below left: Jim Cornutt's barnyard, overnight stagecoach stop.



←*Table Rock, across the valley from the old stage road.*

there was nothing uncertain about the gold they found.

Had the Jackson brothers thought to keep their mouths shut, they might have profited more handsomely. As it was, their secret slipped out, gold thirsty miners swarmed in, and a robust log and tent village mushroomed by the following year. With it sprouted seventeen saloons where get-rich-quick tales flowed as fluently as drinks across the bars.

But J'ville had a greater distinction—it was not just another gold town. When you stand at the quiet intersection of Oregon and California streets, you are at the crossroads of Pacific Coast history. Here the destinies of two great states were linked. J'ville became the “hub” for passenger and freight traffic, a resting place for muleskinners guiding packtrains across the twisting mountain trails to San Francisco, Sacramento and Portland. Whether a weary horseman was bound for the coast port of Crescent City or to the East across the Cascades, his trail invariably led through Jacksonville.

In 1861, the interstate stage halted in Jacksonville for the first time. Before its demise in 1887, the line carried thousands of travelers over the nation's second longest route—1100 miles. As a trading center, Jacksonville saw hope for the future until the railroad, influenced by a land grant, passed her by. Thus cut off, the plucky town gradually gave way to Medford, which rose by the tracks five miles away.

Along with its ghosts of the past, Jacksonville is populated with a citizenry that is very much alive. City Recorder Ray Wilson, J'ville's unofficial greeter, will assure you of this. He will point to the new \$20,000 community hall built through efforts of a very active Lions Club. Each Saturday night the building sways to the fast-tapping feet of dancers from all over the Applegate Valley. The high school's six-man football team got into the state finals last fall, and it was the Lions Club that provided players with new uniforms.

Two years ago the old two-story Jackson County courthouse was converted into a museum. A half-mill tax was voted so that the curator, Mrs. Myrtle P. Lee, could gather in pioneer treasures from the entire area.

Yet Jacksonville itself is the real museum. A walk along California Street and a ride up Oregon into Rich Gulch are trips into yesterday. The main stem, where “Carving Fork”

←*The county courthouse, scene of several spectacular trials.*



←*The Lyden House—a wagon repair shop and noted rooming house.*

Smith or "Dirty Charlie" of Jump-Off-Joe Creek once tramped, is the same paved street where bright-eyed teenagers walk today. Mingled with the sounds of modern life you can almost hear the chatter of pigtailed Orientals who once labored on the hillsides. Down each maple-shaded side street is a relic of the bygone era. At the Lyden house, wagons were repaired after they broke under the strain of rugged hauls across the mountains. And the old Post Office can still be found—although hidden behind the façade of a meat market. The hot times of the Table Rock Saloon have cooled considerably—it now serves as a cold storage plant.

From a tiny frame house a pioneer woman once rushed to the village square to cut down the Confederate flag. Youngsters can show you bullet marks on the solid brick Brunner building, shelter for women and children during Indian raids. Between roofs and ceilings of the Masonic and Oddfellows buildings are two feet of dirt for fire protection against flaming Indian arrows. The Methodist Church was built in 1854 from funds started on a gambling bet. The Beekman Bank and Wells Fargo office, where hard-breathing stagecoach teams were brought to a halt, is just as it was when mud-spattered miners weighed in their pokes. When the owner, C. C. Beekman, died in 1916, his will provided that the bank be preserved intact for future generations. Across its scales passed most of the estimated thirty million dollars in gold extracted from the surrounding countryside.

Much of the excitement of Jacksonville's past has been captured in photographs made by Peter Britt and his son, Emil. These two men found greater wealth in photographing early day Jacksonville than they could dig from the creek beds. Most of their collection, which runs into several thousand pictures, including the first shot of famed Crater Lake, is in the possession of Emil's sister, Molly, who lives in seclusion in the family home overlooking the town.

More foresighted than most of the miners, Britt made a practice of stocking up supplies against the long winters that isolated Jacksonville. The second winter after gold was discovered was the town's worst. Flour and salt became as precious as the yellow stuff. Salt was actually weighed on gold scales for equal exchange. When "Pie John" got wind

←*The Masonic Building, with pillars shipped around Cape Horn.*



← *The Orth Building, variously butcher, undertaker, and furniture shop.*

that Peter Britt was hoarding flour, he stirred public sentiment against him. Britt finally turned his stock of flour over to "Pic John," but instead of making bread the baker made apple pies which he sold for fabulous prices.

The miners who built Jacksonville were so excited by the discovery of gold that they placed the town right on top of the bonanza they were seeking. Walk the streets and you walk paths of gold, stage passengers were informed. Jacksonville folk are proud that there's gold beneath their feet, but they don't think much about it anymore, except during their annual Gold Rush Jubilee in August.

During the deep-depression Thirties, folks felt differently. Everyone had his own backyard mining operation. Many shafts are still visible, but are not often worked. Some gold seekers let their enthusiasm run away with them. When one miner put down a shaft in the middle of a street, city officials hustled him off to jail. The courthouse where the case was settled was built with loot from its own excavation. Two enterprising prisoners, serving a stretch in the calaboose, profited handsomely by their experience. They sank a shaft in the cell floor and struck it rich.

In one hundred years, Jacksonville has become thoroughly honeycombed with mines. In the runoff of heavy snows, this can cause no end of grief. Without warning, the bottom may drop out of a street, or the foundation of a historic building may suddenly seek a lower level. Damage to these buildings is much more serious today to the 1198 residents of Jacksonville and all of Jackson County than the time years ago when frolicking soldiers let fly with an extra-heavy cannon charge in the Square, breaking nearly every window in town. Residents of the valley now look upon their community as a monument to the winning of the Pacific Coast region.

In 1927, when the county seat shifted to Medford, Jacksonville's last claim to prominence lay in her magnificent past. For years even the past seemed forgotten. Then the late Ernest Haycox made it the setting for his book, "Canyon Passage," and interest in the town's history revived. Now legendary J'ville is a showplace for visitors each year, although none has yet been charged \$120 for a night's lodging, even in these inflationary times. ■

← *Redman Hall and Kottage Kitchen, little changed since mining days.*

Down by the
Old
Mill
Stream



IN THE MILLPOND the water slides smoothly and slowly toward the dam, like a great, easy-going river of glass. It quickens suddenly and slips over the moss-grown timbers, dropping perhaps twelve feet, perhaps four. There's no great splash, no roar, but in the midsummer quiet the trickle of water is loud and cooling. The rest is silence: the deep, brown water with sunlight penetrating it a foot or two . . . the light-and-shadow of willow shade on its surface . . . a warped board projecting from the bank for diving . . . some-



times the circle a trout makes, rising for a fly. High above looms the gaunt and weathered mill. It is now more often abandoned than operating, but it has a new grist to help it stave off oblivion, and that new grist is recreation.

Such places can still be found in this country, if you know where to look. One of them is Cedar Hill Mill, on Big River, in Jefferson County, Missouri. It is the subject of Helge Ederstrom's watercolor, above. On the next four pages, artists and writers combine to bring you others.

The Vanishing Missouri Mill

by Mary Ellen Evans

paintings by Helge Ederstrom

A CENTURY AGO the mills along Big River (only strangers call it *The Big River*) were the centers of the pioneer Missouri communities that punctuated the wilderness south of St. Louis. Now most of them are idle, but not abandoned, for playgrounds surround them, offering "Picnics, Swimming & Fishing, 50c." Photographers and artists drive miles to capture the spirit of these mills before they vanish entirely.

About thirty miles south of St. Louis on State Highway 30 a sign points to the right, to the mill where James Byrnes ground flour—a hundred barrels a day!—for pioneers of eighty years ago. Now it's a picnic and swimming area, and a good spot for fishing. Farther down the highway is the road to Rockford Beach Mill (*picture, below right*), and still farther is another mill road marked "Byrnesville." As you cross the wooden bridge you see the tall mill named for Michael Byrnes, kinsman of James (*above right*). It looks out silently over the village through broken windows—there's been no milling here since 1932. Vacationists fish from the dam, or from boats circling above the mill race.

Still farther down on Route 30 a county road leads to Cedar Hill, the only Big River mill still grinding grain. Inside, belts slap overhead and the building vibrates as the giant turbine sloshes below the floor. Bulging feed bags are stacked against the walls. A gray cat looks up, stretches, and settles back. Overhead, a film of flour dusts the rafters and the cobwebs. Through the dusty windowpanes you can see the dam, and the park on the other side of the river. Though the water wheel has been modernized and there's Diesel standby power, Cedar Hill Mill isn't much different in spirit from what it was when Louis Radeacker came out from St. Louis in the 1880's to grind flour for farmers. Not much different, that is, except for the fishermen dotting the bank, and the swimmers trying to climb the dam through the white spray of the waterfall. Theirs is a recreation such as the pioneers never dreamed of, nor had time for.



Where Slippery Rock Creek Wanders

by James A. Bowman

paintings by George Koscho

SOME eleven thousand years ago a great mountain of ice inched down the continent southward as far as what are now Lawrence and Butler counties in Pennsylvania. Sweeping everything ahead of it, the huge ice mass gouged a deep new course for the lower Slippery Rock Creek. Now its legacy of waterfalls, deep gorges, and glacial terraces furnishes a quiet retreat for Pittsburghers, who live less than fifty miles to the south.

Wooden covered bridges span Slippery Rock Creek where the back roads wind along its length. Lacy hemlocks point skyward along the steep, massive walls of Sentinel Rock. There's fishing for those who know where to cast their lines. A number of nineteenth-century grist mills that once were stern representatives of Industry now have become centers for recreation.

At Kennedy's Mills, north of the village of Rose Point, is the Lawrence County Boy Scout Camp, where many a young brave from the Beaver or Crow patrols has sat at solemn council fires. Elliot's Mills is the site of a vacation resort, while McConnell's Mills, a few miles from U. S. 19, just west of Portersville, is a picnic area where Pittsburghers spread their lunches on table rocks as large as small houses, and follow the footpaths that are springy with pine needles.

McConnell's Mills (*picture, below right*) is included in the acreage which has been acquired by the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, a group of nature lovers intent on preserving such virgin beauty spots against the inroads of strip mining and road building. Eventually the Conservancy will turn the area over to the state for a park. Nearby, a few miles up Muddy Creek, which flows into the Slippery Rock, is another tract of land, including a waterfall. It is maintained by the Art Institute of Pittsburgh as a painting center and recreation grounds. Art being usually a domain of esthetic rather than real estate values, Muddy Creek Falls has the distinction of being probably the only waterfall in the world serving full time as an artists' model (*above right*). 



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On the Oregon Trail

story and photographs by Robert Holland

IT was just about a century ago that the Oregon Trail began to hit its stride as a major highway. During the summer of 1852 the line of west-bound covered wagons and prairie schooners was unbroken for five hundred dusty miles. Travelers by the thousands died of cholera, heat, poor food and hostile Indians. If modern-day tourists think that roadside meals are sometimes impossible, they should scan an early menu of the pioneers: mule steak, slightly burned on the outside and sprinkled with gunpowder in lieu of pepper and salt, and coffee brewed from the dried leaves of horsemint.

This summer many thousands of tourists will go west on asphalt highways that closely parallel the old route and the worst they will suffer will be a few "No Vacancy" signs when they want to quit for the night. Among the many landmarks will be the one shown in the upper picture on the opposite page—Courthouse and Jail Rocks, near Bridgeport, just off U. S. 26, which follows the North Platte River in the western part of Nebraska. The two rock towers stand out like medieval castles in sharp contrast to the flat plains to the east. Early settlers named them because of a fancied resemblance to buildings back home.

Farther along the Trail, across the border in eastern Wyoming, is Guernsey, where the lower picture was taken. It shows an actual piece of the roadway, with wagon ruts worn right into solid rock. Half a million people trundled west on the Oregon Trail in just about anything a mule or ox could pull. In 1869, the year the golden spike was driven on the Union Pacific, the usefulness of the Trail was nearly at an end. But by then, the ruts had been worn three feet deep in places.



Children under the Big Sky

by Mary R. Zimmer

paintings by Cecile Johnson

“DUNNO why it is,” veteran pack trip outfitters say, “but you set a youngster on a horse and he learns to sit a trot right away without even knowing he’s doing it, while a grownup makes hard work of it and a lot of ’em never do learn.”

Any grownup who has ever jogged along on a mountain pack trip the hard way, with every step of the horse a blow to his rigid, resisting body, listens to such remarks with a deep and wistful understanding, wishing fervently that somebody had set *him* on a horse when he was six years old. Thus he might have learned to sit a trot in that fluid, effortless motion that makes horse and rider one, and turns a pack trip from a misery into an adventure.

This summer, and every summer, hundreds of children will have the opportunity to acquire that sometimes-useful skill, on dude ranches all over the West, where “Families Welcome” is a byword.

Many children and teen-agers come with their parents. The elders can, if they wish, relax luxuriously on a wide, cool porch while their small fry work off high spirits in the corral or on the trail, or fishing for trout in a nearby mountain stream. One ranch thoughtfully specifies in its advertising that “A well-stocked library and a piano are provided for the use of guests.”

Other youngsters come without their parents, for there are a number of ranch owners who are willing to assume the entire responsibility of feeding, housing, horsing, and supervising their young guests from the East or South or Midwest. They are truly missionary-minded, for they strive to teach their young dudes the disciplines of a western ranch, as well as its freedoms: to be considerate of your horse and your companions, and to do more than your share.

Some of these ranches offer children’s pack trips into the

Above right: Corral at the CM Ranch, Dubois, Wyo.

Below right: Mount Teewinot, in the Teton Range.



mountains, as well as vacations at the ranch. Among them are the A2Z and the Valley, both operated by Larry Larom, about forty miles southwest of Cody. Eastern-born, Princeton-educated Larom fell in love with the Wyoming range at the age of sixteen, later acquired his two ranches, and has been wrangling dudes, as well as raising cattle, in a comfortable and polished manner ever since.

The Valley Ranch, with its tall cottonwoods, comfortable guest houses and excellent horses, is primarily for grownups, with or without children. The A2Z, across the Shoshone River, is mostly for teen-agers. Here, every summer, boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one live for six or eight weeks, under the supervision of a ranch manager and his wife. They call themselves the Range Riders, with good reason, for riding is their chief preoccupation—over the rounded foothills of the Absaroka Mountains, across the grassy valleys, and back to the A2Z for a before-dinner splash in the chilly Shoshone.

Another group of teen-agers at the Valley Ranch takes a four-week pack trip into the Absarokas, riding through the Teton National Forest, skirting the edge of Yellowstone and descending into Jackson Hole. Elsewhere in the West, other youngsters from other ranches make similar excursions into the Big Horns, the Sawtooths, the Sierra Nevada, and other ranges of the Rockies.

Lucky young dudes! They'll discover a new world of vast distances, mountain slopes silken in the sun, snow in the high country, roaring streams, and at night the stars and the silences—all in the country which, after Guthrie's novel, will be known forever as that of the Big Sky.

They'll also learn to sit a trot. Even for a child who is destined to grow up in the horseless, brick-and-pavement world of cities, this is a worthwhile accomplishment. For when he has achieved mastery of his horse he has made a long step toward mastery of himself, and both are so much easier when you start young. ■

For information on western dude ranches, write the State Publicity Bureau, at the capitol of the state in which you are interested, or to the Dude Ranchers Association, Billings, Montana.

Restoration Project in Grand Teton National Park→



Smith Rocks — Crooked River

photographs by Ray Atkeson

YOU can stand on a mountain in central Oregon, near the Smith Rocks, which are shown in both pictures on the opposite page, and on a clear day see north to Mount Rainier in Washington and south to Mount Shasta in California, a distance of some 350 air miles.

In between, holding separate dominion over the horizon, are other peaks of the Cascades—Adams, St. Helens, Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington, Three Fingered Jack—all an expression of nature in a thoroughly masculine frame of mind.

When you have encompassed that grand chain you have seen most of the rulers of the Northwest landscape. In terms of pure scenery, this is the most beautiful part of the U. S. The statement is challenging and tends to breed argument, but dissenters have only to see these views in pictures or in person before they bow to the evidence.

The river winding its merry way around Smith Rocks is the Crooked, whose various sources rise in the Ochoco National Forest, in the badlands of central Oregon. It loops northwesterly until it debouches into the Deschutes, which in turn flows north to the Columbia.

Smith Rocks are two miles east of Terrebonne, a tiny community on the principal north-south artery of the Cascades, U. S. 97. At this point, the highest mountains on the western horizon are the white-shrouded Three Sisters.

The Cascades are dead volcanoes—presumably dead, anyway. The Portland *Oregonian* reported an eruption of Mount Hood in 1865. Back at the close of the ice age one of the mountains blew up monstrously and left a huge hole now filled by Crater Lake.

A glance at the map will show how desolate the region is. Here some of the public schools are boarding schools. The pupils live so far from the schoolhouse that they stay there and go home to their families on weekends.



Want to Buy a Desert?

by David L. Graham

paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

THE legendary salesman who was so eloquent he could sell refrigerators to the Eskimos had nothing on the native of Freeport, Maine, who has been selling the nation a desert.

Henry Goldrup has done exactly that. In 1926 he bought himself a small but authentic Sahara, tied it up in a catchy package, and straightway began selling it to the public at ten cents a head, children admitted free. Today, what with inflation and all, the admission fee has jumped to sixty cents, children half price, and Henry has been able to retire.

In the Southwest, of course, deserts are a dime a square mile; but Henry Goldrup was the first to have a hunch that if you own a desert tucked away in the green hills of New England you may have something, and Henry was right. So because he possessed vision, Henry is now as well fixed as almost anyone in Freeport.

Maybe you, too, have an old desert lying around somewhere.

The Tuttle family, original owners of the Goldrup gusher, never saw it that way. To them it was just the run-out farm that broke grandfather's back. The "sand farm" local people called it, and on Sundays they used to hitch up the horse and buggy and drive out for picnics and to sympathize with old Alvah Tuttle, the last of the line. Alvah had watched the family homestead work loose and sail away as a full-blown desert. He probably felt pretty sorry for himself. He didn't know he was sitting on Freeport's greatest natural asset, on a tourist attraction as hot as Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill.

The trouble — to describe Henry's gold mine from a farmer's point of view — started about seventy years ago. Alvah Tuttle's father had a contract to supply the railroad with fuel. In those



days locomotives burned wood. So down came the trees on the Tuttle farm, stripping the soil of its first line of defense. A flock of sheep did the rest.

One day Tuttle noticed a patch of sand no bigger than a child's play pen. Blown by the wind, the sand expanded as the top-soil took off for somewhere in the Atlantic. Tuttle did the best he could to halt the erosion, covering the ominous outcroppings with brush and clay. To pin down his remaining topsoil he planted winter rye and set out trees.

But Freeport's great new industry was beginning to roll. The desert was not to be denied. As fast as Tuttle succeeded in smothering it in one place it would break out in another, in the manner of a spreading forest fire. Tuttle surrendered. The family moved away. The "sand farm" then changed hands several times, finally coming into the possession of a Scotsman by the name of Everett Jamieson.

It was this obscure Scotsman who had the historic mission of selling the "sand farm" to Henry Goldrup for a rumored \$500. But however modest the sum involved, it was a fair price, because nobody else would look at the place—then. Yet since that day the "sand farm" has been gaped at by close to a million paying guests, including Margaret Truman, an Abyssinian nobleman, and the Yanceys of Texas.

About the first thing promoter

Goldrup did after taking over the sand farm was to change its name to the "Desert of Maine," and he had the name copyrighted. He had to. The operator of a nearby night club had been draining away Henry's business by calling *his* place the Desert of Maine. Of course that was during Prohibition, but the copyright laws came to Henry's aid and plugged the leak.

Goldrup's next problem was to build a means of access to the Desert for out-of-state cars. He knew he couldn't bank on the local carriage trade. Goldrup laid his case before the town fathers. Build a decent road to my door, he pleaded, and we'll have tourists from all over America pouring money into Freeport.

But "practical" men scoffed at Goldrup's dream. Why should *we* shell out for Goldrup? Let Goldrup shell out. So Henry built the road himself, personally graveling every foot of the two-mile stretch from U. S. 1 to the Desert of Maine. Later, grudgingly, the state agreed to surface it for him. And today the Desert is a thriving concern, employing fifteen persons. It is open from nine to six, for six months of the year.

Take any visitor's word for it, the Desert of Maine is no phony. Goldrup had always fought to keep this natural wonder in its pristine state. On leasing the Desert to its present operators, Goldrup inserted a clause in the lease stipulating that not a tree

or a bush was to be removed. He felt it wouldn't be ethical to give nature a boost from behind. Even the camel the management imported one summer for promotional purposes seemed too much hoopla to Henry.

The Desert's five hundred acres, lying across a heavily wooded part of the state, is the most sensational example of wind erosion anywhere east of the Mississippi. By moonlight its powdery sands shimmer like snow. A veritable dust bowl boils up before the wind, causing distant watchers to mistake it for a pillar of smoke.

During recent years the wind has piled the sand to a height of seventy or eighty feet in some spots, covering trees whose topmost branches bizarrely protrude above the sand and still bear leaves. An occasional tuft of grass testifies to the level of the land before the desert began its encroachment. Apple trees which put up a long and desperate fight finally had to succumb when the top soil disappeared.

The most photographed object in the Desert is a barn over a hundred years old. In its doorway hangs a green sign, informing visitors that this is the only structure remaining to prove that the Desert was once fertile farm land.

Faithful to its Sahara tradition, the Desert of Maine is extraordinarily hot on sunny days in summer, exceeding adjacent areas in this respect by ten or fifteen de-

grees, and correspondingly cold at night.

As claimed, the Desert *is* expanding at the rate of about two acres a year; but it is also contracting. Thanks to Maine's heavy rainfall, the subsoil is saturated with moisture; this helps moss and other vegetation to sprout, so that what the normal landscape loses to the Desert in some places it regains in others. Moreover, these sandy deposits, thought to be glacial in origin, which the wind and Mr. Tuttle laid bare, are not universal throughout the state. Clay and granite ledges underlie much of Maine, even near the Desert.

Despite interesting rumors that the Desert is on its way to engulf the entire state, you will find no panic in the streets of Freeport. Indeed, there are said to be people living in Freeport whom neither dread nor curiosity has ever dragged from their homes to see how the Desert is doing. Goldrup has his own opinion of such people but it is not for publication.

What therapeutic values the Desert holds, and what its true origin is, had best be left to the experts. But no one can deny that the Desert's influence on Freeport has been wholesome—economically speaking. Morally, too, the Desert seems to have made itself felt, for although surrounding towns have been licensed for liquor, Freeport always votes dry, bone dry. ■



The Untamed Shrew

by George Heinold

paintings by Charles Culver

ALTHOUGH Shakespeare's famous comedy "The Taming of the Shrew" might lead some to think otherwise, the only creature that a four-footed shrew gets along with peacefully is his spouse. Toward the rest of the earth's residents, especially other shrews, he displays continuous and unabating malice.

Yet the blame for his irascibility doesn't fall entirely on the shrew,

a molelike creature with a tapering snout, infolded ears, and a smooth fur which runs brownish or grayish. His eyes, the size of pinheads, with about 2/20 vision, are too weak to comprehend fully the beauties of the world around him. Mother Nature, while supplying the shrew with the aggressiveness of a leopard, so swindled him in the matter of physical size that he is listed as our smallest

mammal.

His stomach and his appetite are also disproportionate to such a degree that he eats the equivalent of his own weight every three hours.

Spurred by constant hunger, a finger-long shrew, weighing less than an ounce, is apt to clamp his sharp yellow teeth on anything smaller than a chipmunk that runs, flies, crawls, or swims. His appetite is catholic. Like the mole, to whom he is related, the shrew consumes great quantities of insects: ants, crickets, moths, butterflies, centipedes, slugs, and the larvae of flies. Earthworms that come to the surface with the rain furnish him with easy meals. So do lizards, small salamanders, and snails.

Although they are considerably larger than the shrew, adult mice cannot outfight him, for he is faster and has the protection of a skin too thick and tough for their teeth to penetrate.

Live mice of all sizes were often fed to a caged shrew which a friend of mine kept as a pet. After quickly killing them, the shrew would carefully eat the flesh and bones, leaving the skin intact. Then, using the skin as a robe, he would curl up and go to sleep.

The bite of the short-tailed shrew, one of the five main species of this family in America, does more than lacerate. It actually injects a poison that is produced in the animal's salivary glands. The

poison slows up heart action and breathing, giving the shrew an anesthetized, and therefore untroublesome, meal.

Recent laboratory experiments have proved that the glands of a single short-tailed shrew contain enough poison to kill two hundred mice. Human beings who have been bitten suffered sharp pains in the injured limb, and discomfort which lasted several days. Fortunately, the short-tailed is the only shrew with a seriously toxic bite.

A shrew's life span is short. Even if he manages to escape hawks, owls, shrikes, weasels, cats and numerous other enemies meanwhile, not more than sixteen months will pass before death stills his nervous flexings, twitterings, and high-pitched squeals. Unscathed bodies of shrews are commonly found in the damp woodland regions they inhabit throughout North America.

Before the shrew heads for the happy hunting grounds, he has made sure that his race will be perpetuated here. He sires two or three litters of from six to eight offspring, using for nurseries eight-inch nests of leaves and grass tucked into hollow stumps, logs, and burrows. Only when the young are due does his wife live up to her name and shrewishly drive her mate away.

Baby shrews come into the world nearly half the size of their parents. They mature so rapidly that only about four weeks pass

before they leave the nursery and strike out on their own. They learn to hunt without benefit of tutoring.

One day a friend and I were fishing a quiet pool when I heard him call, "Hey! Am I seeing things, or is that mouse actually walking on top of the water?"

His only mistake was proper identification. The creature he saw walking on the surface of the pool was a water-shrew, another member of this widespread family. Clusters of air bubbles which cling to his feet are the explanation of the phenomenon. The water-shrew can swim and dive and walk along bottom. These

gifts enable him to catch small fish and water insects, as well as to raid the gravelly spots on the floors of streams where spawning fish bury their eggs.

Sometimes this shrew's water-walking talent brings him grief instead of profit. I watched one walk out on the surface of a lagoon after a new hatch of mayflies. Before he could begin his meal, a big bass rose and gulped him down.

The way I saw it, that was a tragedy. That old bass wouldn't touch a single one of the pretty lures in my tackle box. And there wasn't another shrew in sight to offer him!

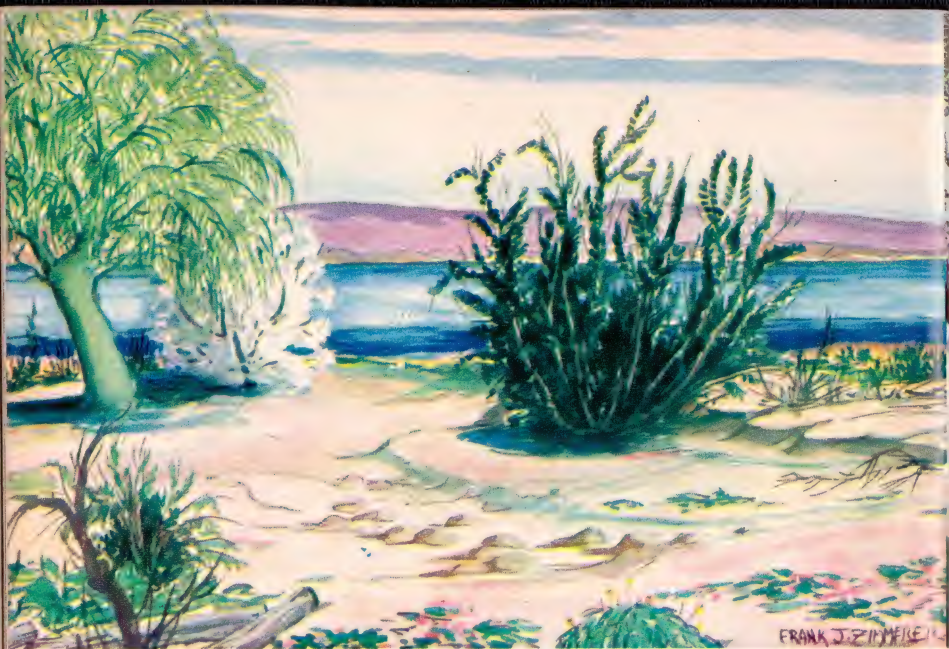




photograph by Edgar Carlson

Machine Makes Like a Pot Hole

A FORD passenger car contains about 1,500 springs—not counting those in the seats. These springs range in size from the tiny compression coils on door lock plungers, weighing more than 17,000 to the pound, to the rear leaf springs of twenty-six pounds each. Every spring is rigidly tested for strength, function, and endurance to determine design changes, and to effect savings in critical materials. The apparatus pictured above, designed by Ford research engineers, goes under the mouth-filling name of “spring leaf specimen bending stress fatigue machine.” It is used to measure the endurance limits of any metal or other material proposed for springs. Specimens placed in this machine are subjected to continuous flexings that in one week are the equivalent of driving 40,000 miles non-stop over the worst pot holes and bumps to be found. The samples are pounded until failure occurs and then, through comparison of failure experiences, the engineers determine what type of springs are best for Ford cars. ■



River's Child—THE SALTON SEA

by Starr Hammer

paintings by Frank Zimmerer

DIRECT and scenic approaches lead from Hollywood, the Grand Canyon, Phoenix and San Diego, to an azure desert sea. It may be winter in much of the country, but in southeastern California's desert, a warm sun glints on the incredibly blue, ruffled waters of the Salton Sea.

More than 500,000,000 years ago, the Colorado River set the stage for its future bag of tricks, when all this area was part of an ancient gulf, now called the Gulf of California. The silt-packed Colorado, emptying into the gulf, gradually built a dike across it, forming an immense lake, which the desert sun speedily evaporated.

About twice every thousand years, the busy river and the desert sun went through this cycle. First a sea, then evaporation. A deluge, and then a wasteland. Until that final one, which we call the Salton Sea, made by a rampaging river, just forty-five years ago. It is the only one in the memory of the white man.

Boating enthusiasts are happy about the saltiness. Thirty-six of the world's speed records are held on this desert sea, for the heavy salt content gives more propeller resistance and the below sea-level altitude, better combustion.

The hunter and fisherman find it paradise, too, for it didn't take the Sea long to acquire a well-diversified animal life of its own. It's a perfect parking place in winter for wild ducks and geese.

When it's April, there is another bonus, and that's the desert flower show around the Sea. For this event, reservations cannot be made in advance, for no one knows exactly when it will happen. It depends entirely upon the Rain Gods.

But if you're lucky, and everything is just right, you will see Nature unroll a flower-crested carpet that covers the desert floor. And then, suddenly, it is all gone—as if some sleight-of-hand performer had stuffed the whole shining show back into his hat again.

Above left: Typical desert scene near Salton Sea on U.S. 99.

Below left: Vacationists enjoy the resorts on the Sea's shore.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Dublin Inn, New Hampshire

Merritt Gems

- 1 yeast cake
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 rounded tablespoon shortening
- 3 cups flour
- Finely chopped citron, to taste
- Deep fat

Combine ingredients and let dough rise to twice its bulk. Pinch off small pieces or cut with scissors and fry in deep fat for three minutes or until light brown. Remove, place in paper bag with confectioners' sugar and shake. Serve piping hot.

←painting of Dublin Inn by D. A. Jones

←painting of Lyon's Pier Restaurant by George Shellhase

Lyons' Pier Restaurant, Connecticut

Oyster Stew

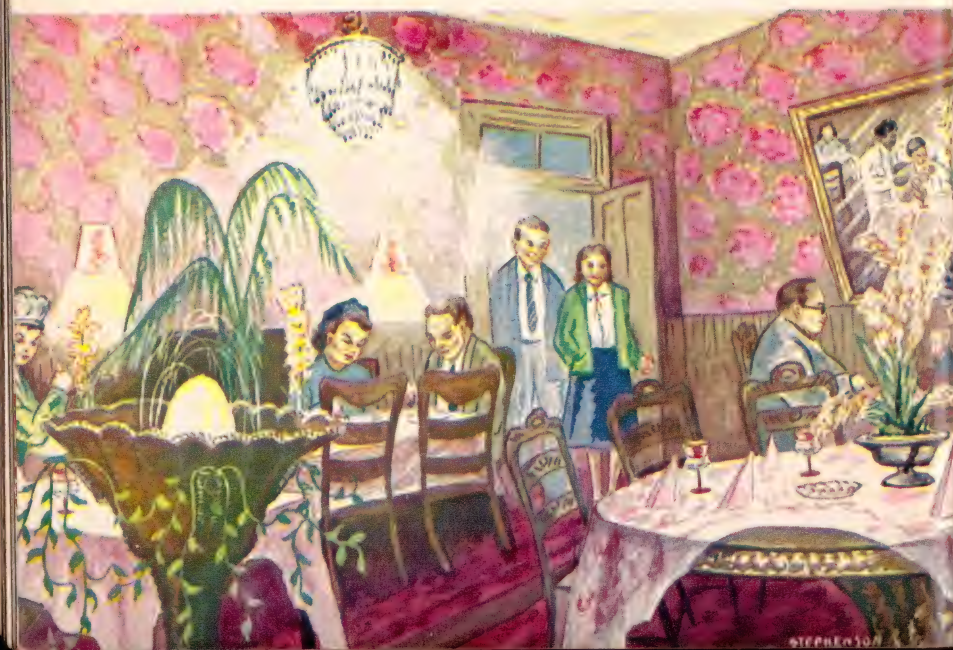
- 1 quart oysters
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 quart hot milk
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon mace
- 1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
- 1 tablespoon onion juice, optional

Place oysters in strainer and wash with one pint water. Keep liquid. Remove all shell pieces, heat liquid and strain through cheesecloth. Cook oysters in this strained liquid until they are plump and the edges curl. Scald milk and add all the seasoning to the milk. Keep oysters and milk hot in separate containers. When serving, place about

Built in 1787, Dublin Inn combines the charm of the old and new to make it a favorite with vacationists and diners. Open from May 15 to November 1. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served. Overnight and vacation facilities; reservations necessary. It's on State Highway 101 beyond Dublin on the way to Peterborough.

seven oysters in a bowl and cover with the seasoned milk.

This popular restaurant, located on a pier over Norwalk Harbor, was one of the first oyster houses on Long Island Sound. It was built in 1880. Its exact location is Rex Marine Basin, 144 Water Street, South Norwalk. This year it is open from May 15 to October 15.



Doric House, New Jersey

French Herb Salad Dressing

2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon sweet paprika
1 teaspoon dill
1 teaspoon tarragon
1 teaspoon fennel
1 teaspoon anise
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup tarragon malt vinegar
1 pint olive oil
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
Dash of Tabasco
1 lemon, juice
1 clove garlic or one onion, whole

Mix herbs, sugar, salt and pep-

per well with vinegar. Then add olive oil and beat thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients. Keep cool but not too cold. Shake before serving.

In a lovely old home with Grecian columns, this restaurant is at 114 Main Street in Flemington. It is open every day from 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

←painting of Doric House by Seton Shanley

←painting of Sedberry Inn by Frances M. Stephenson

Sedberry Inn, Tennessee

Creamed Sweet Potatoes in Orange Cups

6 large sweet potatoes, boiled
1 cup sugar
2 whole eggs, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter, melted
Pinch of salt
1 teaspoon ginger
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup pecans or black walnuts, broken
Maraschino cherries
8 oranges

Peel the cooked potatoes, then beat until all lumps have disappeared. Add all the remaining ingredients, except the oranges, nuts and cherries. Cut oranges in halves and remove the fruit. Fill

with potato filling. Cook for 20 minutes in a medium oven. Sprinkle nuts and cherries on top. Serve hot. Serves 12-16.

This historic hotel in McMinnville, run by the Sedberry sisters, is noted all over the country for its excellent food. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; reservations necessary on Sunday. Overnight accommodations.



The Chuck Wagon, Wyoming

Round-Up Stew

½ cup suet, diced
2½ pounds stew meat, diced
½ teaspoon pepper
4 teaspoons salt
3 medium onions
8 carrots, chopped
6 spuds, cut small
4 stalks celery, chopped
¼ small cabbage
1 teaspoon paprika

Braise meat and suet in Dutch oven, add seasonings and water to cover. Cook two hours, add carrots, cook 15 minutes then add remaining vegetables, except cabbage which is added when other vegetables are cooked; leave 10

←painting of The Chuck Wagon by Dale Nichols

←painting of Sun Valley by Alois Fabry, Jr.

minutes and serve. Water will evaporate so check while cooking.

At the Chuck Wagon in Grand Teton National Park the food is cooked outdoors over wood fires and the food consequently absorbs wood smoke which adds to its flavor. It is near Moose, on U.S. 26, 187 and 89 where the highway crosses the Snake River. Open from June 20 through Labor Day, meals are served from 11:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Sun Valley, Idaho

Apple Pancake

1 pint coffee cream
4 eggs
½ lemon rind, grated
¼ orange rind, grated
Dash vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar
¼ tablespoon salt
Pinch nutmeg
2 ounces whipped cream
1¾ cups flour
3 medium apples, peeled and sliced thin.

Whip eggs, then add cream and other ingredients, except flour, whipped cream and apples. Mix and then add flour. Put whipped cream in just before frying. Take sliced apples and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and fry lightly. Take well buttered 8 or 10-inch frying pan, get it quite hot. Put in 6-ounce ladle of batter and cook slowly on one

side; while cooking add apples and then turn over and put in 325° oven for five minutes. Take out of oven and turn, sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar and return to oven for 1-2 minutes. Put on plate and serve with lemon wedge. Serves 8. (Do not use syrup as pancakes are very sweet.)

Sun Valley resort offers a variety of accommodations and outdoor activities. Closed from October 15 to December 21, it is one mile northeast of Ketchum on U. S. 93. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served.

Contributors



The story on page 2 is as much a biography of WILLIAM SAROYAN as it is a picture of Fresno. The author, one of America's best and best known, adds this:

"My first book was published in 1934 when I was twenty-five: 'The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories.' Since that time I have earned a living entirely by writing. I have tried to write in all the forms to which the written word has attached itself—story, essay, poem, novel, play. I have tried

to freshen each of these forms with something of my own, and literary opinion would have it that I have succeeded. My own opinion is that I have, but not nearly enough. That is why I go on working. Also, in order to eat.

"My best known books appear to be 'My Name is Aram,' 'The Human Comedy,' and 'The Time of Your Life,' a play, but my own favorites are 'The Assyrian and Other Stories' and 'Rock Wagram,' a novel. Scribner's is bringing out my next book this Fall: 'The Bicycle-Rider in Beverly Hills.' This is about myself. Next spring Doubleday is bringing out a novel called 'The Laughing Matter.'

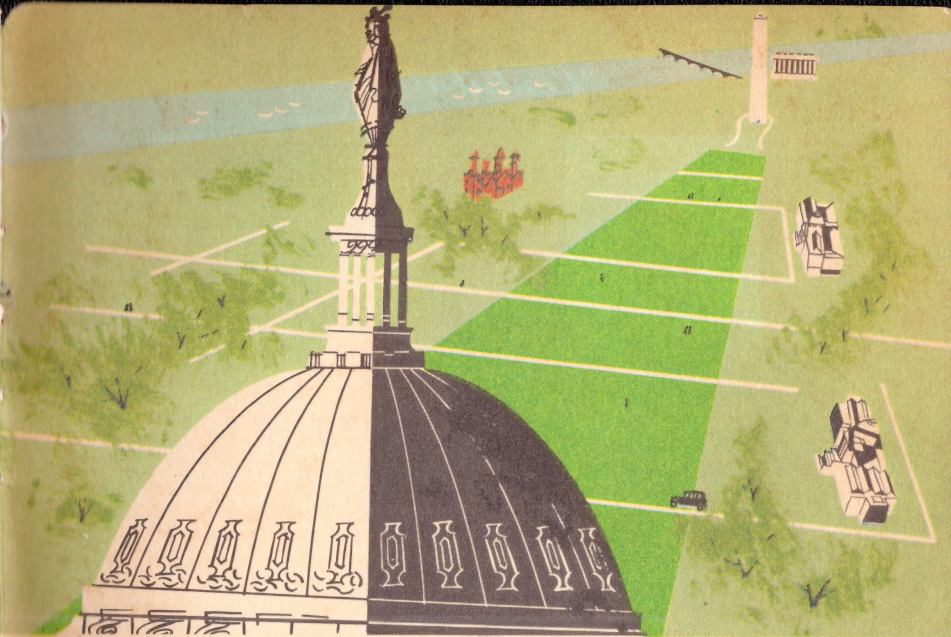
"I consider myself deeply privileged to be a writer and very lucky to be able to make a living at work I would wish to do anyway. I am forty-four now. It is astonishing. I am absolutely delighted with this achievement. (End.)"



The Portland Oregonian once said that FRITZ WERTZ'S paintings of Jacksonville, "Oregon's Liveliest Ghost Town" (page 25), impart a feeling of the spirit of the old West. The artist, widely known as a painter of Western scenes, was born in Brooklyn, Iowa, studied at Iowa State College, the University of Minnesota, and in California schools. For two years he was a pupil of Xavier Martinez, the famous Mexican-Spanish artist. He has several one-man shows each year and his work has been exhibited in many of the important galleries of the West Coast.



Although we didn't know it when we assigned him to illustrate the story on Fresno, ROLLIN PICKFORD, JR., was born six blocks from Saroyan. He says his life story is the same as the writer's, and illustrating it is the most fun he's ever had. Fifty or sixty hours a week he is strapped to a chair indoors, trying to look like an advertising artist for the sake of such luxuries as groceries and rent money. "But my heart ain't in it," Mr. Pickford complains. "Two sons and a wife help sustain me between weekends, when I paint as I please."



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 4 — The National Capital

Early in the century, when the nation first got itself moving without benefit of horse, it promptly set off to see for itself its most famous landmark—the Capitol dome. By the end of the twenties, driving to Washington had become a national habit. In summer, the City of Magnificent Vistas was clogged with the automobiles of the vacationing public. Hundreds of small-town high school senior classes were convinced they could not be graduated properly without a trip, en masse, to Washington. There, giggling, they shook hands with Congressmen; gaped at the elegance of the Blue Room; stood silent at the Lincoln Memorial; decided that Washington's stark-white, unsooted buildings were what the songster meant by "alabaster cities gleam." Maybe, driving back to Kansas or Ohio by school bus or private car—like the 1929 Model A shown on the Mall, above—they remembered the funny little horseless carriages preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, which were the beginning of a nation on wheels.

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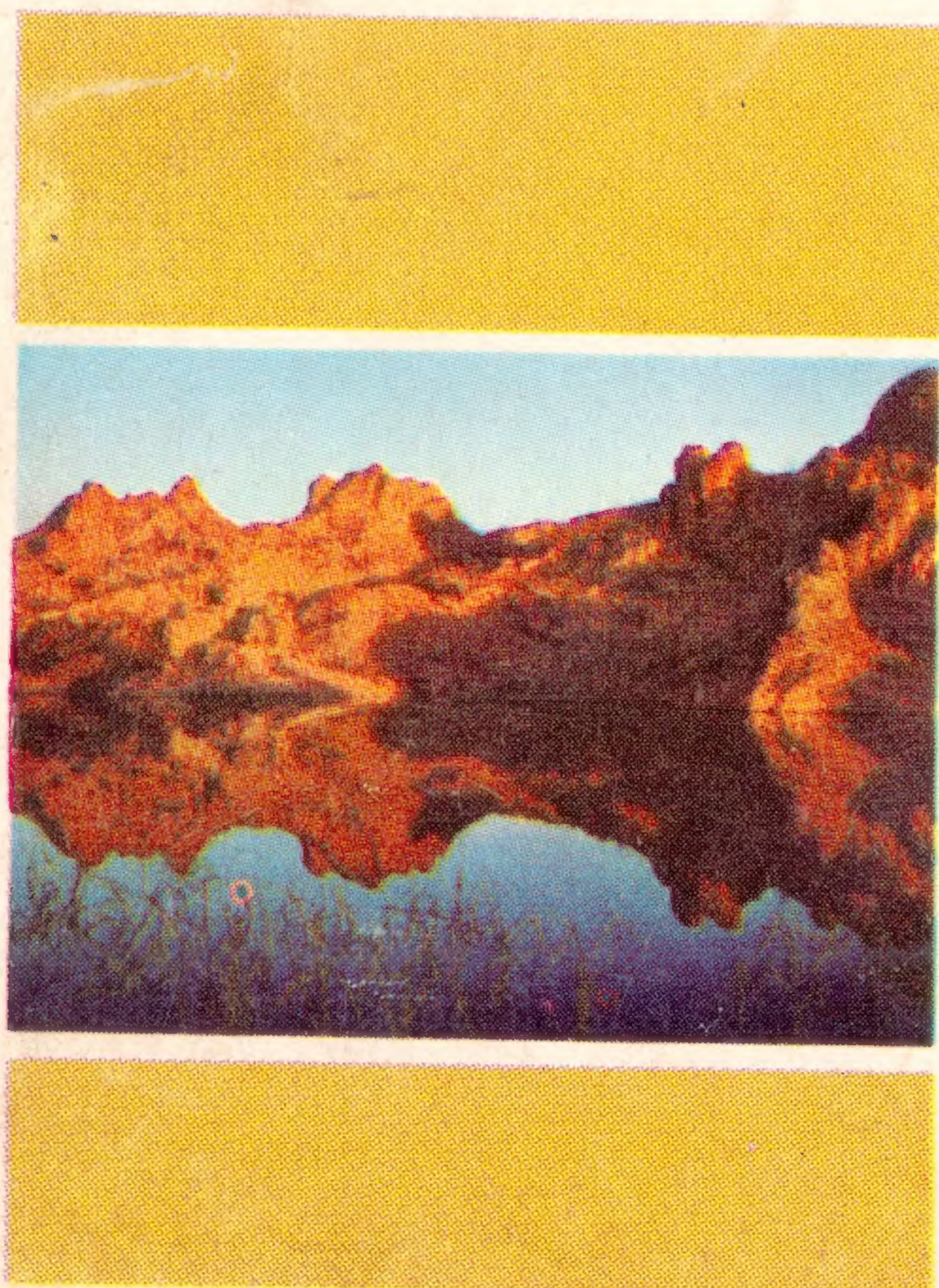
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Front cover—Nature sometimes offers its beauty in duplicate. The reflector is Ayer Lake. The scene is Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum, on U. S. 60 and 70, west of Superior, Arizona. Photograph by Josef Muench.

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